

*The History of*

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
The hope and expectation of thy time,  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of every man  
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:  
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,  
So common-lackneied in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment.  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their Children, This is he:  
Others would say, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?  
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,  
And drest my selfe in such humility,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:  
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,  
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.  
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state,  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.  
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gave his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of every bearded vaine comparative,  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enforc't himselfe to popularity,  
That being dai ly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfeited with Hony, and began to loath  
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

More

*Henry the Fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,  
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes  
As sicke and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes;  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,  
Slept in his face, and rendring such aspect,  
As cloudy men use to doe to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence, glutted, gorg'd, and full,  
And in that very line, *Harry*, standest thou:  
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priviledge,  
With vile participation. Not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not have it done,  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,  
When I from *France* set foote at *Ravenpurgh*,  
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;  
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote:  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
For of no right nor colour like to right  
He doth fill fields with Harneffe in the Realme,  
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Jawes,  
And being no more in debt to yeares then thou,  
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on,  
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes.  
What never-dying honour hath he got,  
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in armes,  
Holds from all souldiers chiefe Majority,  
And military title capitall,

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Through